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The Scroll



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Chapter 1 by Clara

The cliff loomed overhead menacingly. The creature had nothing but torn rags on its back. The glow of the approaching people only made the poor thing try to scale the cliff faster. Its blistered hands grappled around for a hand hold. Its hair was matted and tangled in the branches sticking out of the cliff. A paw reached out and clasped the creature. "You will come with us." it screeched. The creature slumped unconsciously over the arm holding it.

Chapter 2 by



***The Humans are vile and repulsive creatures and since you are one of them you shall*
die."**

How cliche. I stared at the... the... uh... creature in front of me. A 'creature' was all I could call it. And that creature was apparently planning to kill me.

I was one of the mob that had been chasing that vile 'werewolf' (it seemed a bit surreal, but the word 'werewolf' had fitted the description of it well). It was going well until hands - no, paws - started reaching out of the darkness and clawing at us. Screaming, everyone started frantically

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And everything stopped. Not even a blink. The voice that had spoken hadn't even shouted. It had just spoken and everyone did as it commanded. It held knowledge and wisdom and age. That voice held power.

"Humans." The way it said the name of our species was filled with venom and loathing. "You have chased one of our kind into despair, trauma and starvation. Despite our survival alongside you without any contact or conflict, you held one of us as prisoner. You had tortured it and experimented on it after it had accidentally wandered into your territory, which we both know is no excuse to do such vile things. One of you, the least hurt, will be handed to me, or else. I don't believe you are stupid enough for a need for me to explain what that 'else' means. Now, come come. Step forward..."

All eyes turned on me. I had been hiding safely behind a few corpses and now I realised that was my downfall. Uh oh.

That was how, a short while later, I heard those unfortunate words being spoken to me. I heard that I would die. I hoped it would at least be quick.

The creature in front of me frowned in confusion. "No screaming, crying or begging? Well, that's a first." It muttered, "But let me tell you that your death will not be very nice. After all, it's meant to be an eye for an eye, isn't it? Take a good look around; this is where you'll be staying for a long, long time..." It swept out of the room (more like dark, dingy box), shutting the iron door with a clang. I glanced once at my cell and slumped against the hard wall in defeat and disgust at this (very unhygienic, might I add) place, that looked an awful lot like the place where the werewolf prisoner had been kept in. Well then...

Home sweet home.

Chapter 3 by



It's not often you can be the son of the Devil and still manage to have open, caring, kind, and compassionate relationships with people. See more of Story Wars

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reduce my normally healthy blood pressure.

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"Good morning. I trust you had a good night's sleep." A voice said teasingly, as as the sound of footsteps came closer. "However, straight to the point, I would like to mention that I believe I have figured out what exactly was done to my fellow werewolf. Ralph, his name was, but I don't expect you to know that, because all you vile creatures did was treat him like a filthy object, something to mess around with to your satisfaction. Anyway, a cowardly... human." (He spat out the name as if it were a disgusting, poisonous taste in his mouth), "was kind enough to hand over the famous 'Scroll'. The 'Scroll' seems to list everything your kind has ever done to Ralph, every agonising experiment, and all your results, analysis and evaluations... Why? I believe it was to know our weaknesses and how to target them. To know our strengths and how to overcome them. To know how to defeat us, the werewolves, once and for all. And now, the same shall be done to you. Please, my dear guest, get ready for Experiment Number 1..."

The voice cackled, and a flame was lit. Finally, the owner of that menacing, taunting voice stepped into the light, revealing it's hideous 'face' of half man and half wolf. They thought they were so superior as they were blessed to have the qualities of two races, and the arrogance clearly showed on it's face as it loomed closer.

A clawed hand unravelled a long roll of parchment I didn't realise it was holding. It's gleaming eyes read part of the spindly writing in pitch black ink, before they focused once again on my terrified face.

"Let's begin."

Chapter 4 by Fandoms_Forever



It's been two years since that day, torture every day. Some days I wished it would end, but that was on my bad days. Most of the time I just concentrated on how annoying it was that I was in this situation all together. So I started my escape plan.

I figured I could dig a tunnel, but I knew that wouldn't work. They would see that I had taken a spoon or something from the one tray of food they brought me a day. It was mostly just to keep me alive more than anything else. They wanted me alive so they could do more tests on me. I

This is the end of the chapter. If you enjoyed it, please leave a review. I would appreciate any feedback you have to offer. I am currently writing the next chapter, which will be posted in a few days.

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The only time I was let out was the times I was taken to the torture chamber. They made sure I was strapped down tight to the chair before they started. They knew I was bound to escape some time, but eventually they had gotten careless. They stopped passing my food through a slot in the door, and had started to bring it in by hand. That was an opportunity.

All the guards had guns on them, all I had to do was get it. I had waited for four weeks to get them to start being careless. They stopped being so cautious and started to forget things. They stopped locking the door behind them as soon as they got in the room. Oh yes. This was what I'd been waiting for.

The next day, they left me in my room after another 'session' as the Master called them. I crawled over to the corner of the room, feigning pain. To be honest I'd stopped caring about the pain a long time ago. I knew they had a camera hidden in the wall somewhere. I collapsed in the corner and lay still.

Over the months I had figured out where the camera was. It was hidden in the corner overlooking the door. The corner that I was now laying in.

I felt around for the cord blindly. When I finally found it, I tugged on it, hard, and heard a snap. Yes! I thought, finally putting my plan into action. All I had to do now was wait.

Chapter 5 by MissMabb (Temporarily Inactive)



It wasn't long before I heard the disgruntled growling of more werewolves approaching to investigate the broken camera. Now's my chance...

I ducked behind a corner while I waited for them to arrive. Soon, I could feel my breath become quickened and my emaciated frame grew cold against the cavern wall. The beasts before me I had grown used to, however it was their new-found proximity that chilled me to my core.

I had to get past them in order to escape. I was thankful for the fact that they had grown accustomed to my scent over the past few years. That's the thing about werewolves, they have noses like no other but they're somewhat lacking in the eyesight department.

Ever so carefully I crept along the stone wall. I said a quick thanks to the gods for the blessing of

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They always binded me to a chair

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There wasn't much time left before they caught up to me, thankfully I was almost at the end of the corridor.

I had to act fast.

Chapter 6 by Zach



Dashing for my life to the end of the corridor, I could hear the wolves sink their claws into the stone floor in their chase of an escaped convicted murderer. Thirst for blood propelled them faster, although they would never dare end my life. I was important. I was the favorite.

As I reached the solid oak door at the end of the corridor, I hurled my shoulder into it. No budge. Again I hurled and pushed but no favors were to be granted by this ancient gate to freedom. This pillar of irony must have seen many give valiant efforts to an escape here, and stands proud before its work; an eon of murdered victims. The splatter of stained blood along the door frame and the fingernail scratches at the base leave no reassurance that the door will give way to me over these countless others who were denied entry.

I began to panic. I can hear them just around the corner! Too many for me to avoid; I am a dead man walking. (I use the term walking quite openly due to my actions probably resembling closer to a flail of despair than proper movement.)

With no reroute on this dead end massacre, I am doomed to meet the end trapped among the other hopeless souls that have been demolished here. All of a sudden, like an electric shock through a wire, I quiver with an idea.

Chapter 7 by ishraq mahid



It was risky, though it might work, might being the reason for why I continued to quiver.

Then they came, attempting a pounce, one by one as they leapt into the air in a sudden rush to catch me. Thankfully, their strength would be their downfall, after all, they weren't that good at controlling it. As I predicted, instead of bumping into me, the six werewolves headbutted the

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patience! As I thanked the gods, I forced the door open, anticipating the beautiful outside world, and I received that, in a way.

In a way, the gods had granted my wish, giving me the freedom and escape from the torture I had desired making the world beautiful. In a way, my wish wasn't granted. When I opened the door I had anticipated a beautiful world not only in terms of how I felt about it, but also in looks, and it didn't live up to the expectation. Where I imagined fields of grass and trees, stood fields of tortured humans. Where I imagined deer running in freedom, instead were enslaved humans desperately trying to apprehend freedom. I stood in shock, fear, and a want. A want to get away from the fact that my dream was nothing more than an illusion, a mirage.

Suddenly I heard claws scratching against the floor, they were finally getting ahold of themselves. I frantically searched for an escape route, and there I saw one to the left, leading to a gate, beyond which held towers a couple miles away, perhaps built by us, with the monsters laughable eyesight overlooking it; or possibly built by them. Now that I've seen the outside world, I have questions. Now that I have questions, I decided I'll get them answered. I stole a gun from one of the guards that were trying to arrest me and ran toward the towers

Chapter 8 by Clara



As I ran I felt my skin tear as my feet pounded into the rocks and the ground, stirring up clouds of dust. The pain I would have felt before I was imprisoned, was non-existent. I passed the rows upon rows of humans in their torturous "farms", the cold, smooth metal of the gun bouncing in my hands. My legs screamed in agony as I powered across the land that lay between me and the towers. So long spent resisting the pain and trapped in a stone cell had destroyed my stamina. Howls behind me are growing ever closer and instilling in me a primal fear. Sweat pours down my face in tiny rivulets, leaving behind a trail my jailers will no doubt follow with ease due to their superior sense of smell. With each second that passes the likelihood of escape seems bleaker and capture seems inevitable. My mind seeks escape from the flurry of fear and despair. Before I know it I'm on the crumbling, stone doorstep of the left tower. I gaze up in wonder at the delicate spires, the tips of the towers spiraling to a point. A solid, stone bridge spanned between them. I yanked open the splinter-ridden door and stumbled inside. The howls were

eventually reaching the top of the bridge, and I could see them in the distance, the sound of metal against stone. Below me

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behind me and the wolves were starting to pick their way through the remains of the door. A gleaming blade of steel was pointing at me. Behind it stood a fearsome warrior. I quickly explained myself and my need to escape. He pulled me through the hatch and slammed it behind me.

*It's been a while since I entered that tower. Since I escaped. The warrior I met was a survivor and a resistance group leader. I joined him that day and we escaped through a damp, mildew infested underground tunnel. But now I'm on a tiny island of safety. I love the warm, firm touch of the sun, tanning my skin and the friendly rebels helping to free our race. I feel my hopes soar higher each day that passes as we free more and more humans. Soon we will succeed. Soon we will all be free. Soon we will take our world back. This time we won't relinquish our freedom to anyone. This will be the start of a new age.

the end

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